

LETTER

FROM

1486

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ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord Halifax.

By Mr. Joseph Addison. 1701.

Together with the

Mourning MUSE of Alexis.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of our Late Gracious

QUEEN MARY.

By Mr. Congreve. 1695.

To which is added the

Despairing LOVER.

London: Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-friars,
near the Water-side, 1709.

ESTTER

FROM

ITALY



To the Hon. Secy of State

HARLES, Lord Holland

By Mr. Nicks Addition

Together with the

Morning VI 25 of March

A FASTORAL

Containing the Death of our late Queen

QUEEN MARY

By Mr. Congreve

To which is added the

Departing LOVER

Printed and sold by H. Hall in Strand
near the West-end

LETTER

FROM
ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord Halifax.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum tibi res Antiquæ laudis & Artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geo. 2.

WHILE you my Lord the rural Shades admire,
And from Britannia's Publick Posts retire;
No longer her ungrateful Sons to please,
or their Advantage Sacrifice your Ease;
le into Foreign Realms my Fates conveys,
through Nations fruitful of immortal Lays,
Where the soft Season and inviting Clime
conspire to trouble your Repose with Rhime.

For whereſoe're I turn my raviſh'd Eyes
 Gay gilded Scenes and ſhining Proſpects riſe ;
 Poetick Fields encompaſs me around,
 And ſtill I ſeem to tread on Claſſick Ground ;
 For here the Muſe ſo oft her Harp has ſtrung,
 That not a Mountain rears it's Head unſung ;
 Renown'd in Verſe each Shady Thicket grows,
 And ev'ry Stream in Heaven'ly Numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to ſearch the Hills and Woods
 For riſing Springs and celebrated Floods !
 To view the *Nar* tumultuous in his Courſe,
 And trace the ſmooth *Clitumnus* to his Source ;
 To ſee the *Mincio* draw his wat'ry Store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful Shore ;
 And hoary *Albula's* infected Tide
 O'er the warm Bed of ſmoking Sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thouſand Raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flow'ry Meadows ſtray,
 The King of Floods ! that rolling o'er the Plains
 The Tow'ring Alps of half their Moisture drains,
 And, proudly ſwoll'n with a whole Winter's Snows,
 Diſtributes Wealth and Plenty where he flows.

Sometimes miſguided by the tuneful Throng
 I look for Streams Immortaliz'd in Song,
 That loſt in Silence, and Oblivion lye,
 (Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry,
 Yet run for ever by the Muſes Skill,
 And in the ſmooth Deſcription murmur ſtill.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
 And the ſam'd River's empty Shores admire,
 That deſtitute of Strength derives its Courſe
 From thrifty Urns and an unfruitful Source ;

sung so often in Poetick Lays;
 With Scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* Surveys.
 High the Deathless Muse exalts her Theme!
 'Twas the *Boyn*, a poor Inglorious Stream,
 That in *Hibernian* Vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meander's* play'd;
 All by your Lines and *Nassau's* Sword renown'd
 Rising Billows through the World resound,
 Where'er the Heroe's Godlike Acts can pierce,
 Where the Fame of an Immortal Verse.

Oh, cou'd the Muse my ravish'd Breast inspire
 With Warmth like your's, and raise an equal Fire;
 Numbr'd Beauties in my Verse shou'd shine,
 And *Virgil's Italy* should yield to mine!

See how the golden Groves around me smile,
 That shun the Coasts of *Britain's* stormy Isle;
 When transplanted and preserv'd with Care,
 Escape the cold Climate and starve in Northern Air.
 Ere kindly warmth their mounting Juice ferments;
 Nobler Tastes and more exalted Scents.
 In the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle Bloom,
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
 Pray me some Gods to *Baja's* gentle Seats,
 To cover me in *Umbria's* green Retreats.
 Where Western Gales eternally reside,
 And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride;
 Blossoms and Fruits, and Flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay Confusion lies.

Immortal Glories in my mind revive,
 In my Soul a thousand Passions strive,
 When *Rome's* exalted Beauties I descry
 Significant in Piles of Ruin lye:
 Amphitheater's amazing height
 Fills my Eye with Terror and Delight;

That on its publick Shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held unpeopled Nations in its Womb;
 Here Pillars rough with Sculpture pierce the Skies;
 And here the proud Triumphal Arches rise,
 Where the old Romans' dumblets Acts display'd,
 Their base degen'rate Progeny upbraid.
 Whole Rivers here forsake their Fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height through Airy Channe

Still to new Scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing Rocks admires;
 Where the smooth Chisel all his Force has shown,
 And lofted into Flesh the rugged Stone.
 In solemn Silence, a Majestick Band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and Roman Consuls stand.
 Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renown,
 And Emperours in *Parian* Marble frown.
 While the bright Dames to whom they humbly bow,
 Still shew the Charms that their proud Hearts subdu

Fain wou'd I *Raphael's* Godlike Art rehearse,
 And shew th' Immortal Labours in my Verse.
 Where from the mingled Strength of Shade and Light
 A new Creation rises to my Sight;
 Such Heavenly Figures from his Pencil flow,
 So warm with Life his blended Colours glow,
 From Theam to Theam with secret Pleasure tost
 Amidst the soft Variety I'm lost;
 Here pleasing Airs my ravish'd Soul confound
 With circling Notes, and Labyrinths of Sound:
 Here Domes and Temples rise in distant Views,
 And opening Palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy Land,
 And scatter'd Blessings with a wasteful Hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted Stores,
 In blooming Mountains, and her sunny Shores,

With all the Gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,
 The Smiles of Nature, and her Charms of Art;
 While proud Oppression in the Valleys reigns,
 And Tyranny usurps her happy Plains;
 The poor Inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning Orange, and the swelling Grain:
 Joyless he sees the growing Oyls and Vines,
 And in the Myrtle's fragrant Shade repines:
 Stays in the midst of Nature's Bounty curst,
 And in the loaded Vineyard dies for Thirst.

Oh *Liberty*, thou Goddess Heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with delight,
 Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train;
 Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy Sight:
 Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st Beauty to the Sun and Pleasure to the Day.

Thee Goddess, Thee *Britannia's* Isle adores,
 How oft has she exhausted all her Stores,
 How oft in Fields of Death thy Presence sought?
 Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought
 On Foreign Mountains may the Sun refine
 The Grape's soft Juice, and mellow it to Wine;
 With Citron Groves adorn a distant Soil,
 And the fat Olive swell with floods of Oyl:
 We envy not the warmer Climate that lies
 In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies;
 Nor at the Courtesies of our Heav'n repine,
 Tho' o'er our Heads the frozen *Pilads* shine:
 'Tis *Liberty* that Crowns *Britannia's* Isle,
 And makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak Mountains
 (smile.

Others with Tow'ring Piles may please the Sight,
 And in their proud aspiring Domes delight.

A nicer touch to the stretch'd Canvas give,
 Or teach their animated Rocks to live:
 'Tis *Britain's* Care to watch o'er *Europe's* Fate,
 And hold in Balance each contending State,
 To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with War,
 And answer her afflicted Neighbour's Pray'r.
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rouz'd up by fierce Alarms
 Bless the wise Conduct of her Pious Arms.
 Soon as her Fleets appear their Terrors cease,
 And all the Northern World lies hush'd in Peace.

Th' Ambitious *Gall* beholds with secret Dread
 Her Thunder aim'd at his aspiring Head,
 And fain her Godlike Sons wou'd disunite
 By Foreign Gold, or by Domestick Spite;
 But strives in vain to Conquer or Divide
 Whom *Nassau's* Arms defend, and Counsels guide.

Fir'd with the Name, which I so oft have found
 The distant Climes and different Tongues resound;
 I bridle in my struggling Mule with Pain,
 That longs to launch into a bolder Strain.

But Iv'e already troubl'd you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous Song.
 My humble Verse demands a softer Theme,
 A painted Meadow, or a purling Stream,
 Unfit for Heroes; whom Immortal Lays,
 And Lines like *Virgil's* or like yours shou'd praise.

THE

(2)

THE

Mourning MUSE

OF

ALEXIS,

A

PASTORAL.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem ! Virg.

Alexis and Menalcas.

Men. **B**Ehold, *Alexis*, see the gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrows shelter made;
Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
But Night succeeding, Night excludes the Day;
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightsome Notes, to cheer the dusky Air,
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By Morning Lark, or Ev'ning *Philomel*.

Here No Violet here, nor Daisie, e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding Flow'r, nor springing Green:
Nor fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,
Here baleful Yew with deadly *Cypress* grows.

Here

Here then, extended on this wither'd Moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of *Albion's* Loss;
Of *Albion's* Loss, and of *Pastora's* Death;
Begin thy Mournful Song, and raise thy tuneful Brea

Alex. Ah Woe too great! ah Theme which far exceeds
The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds!

O! could I sing in Verse of equal Strain,
With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain;
Or melting V Words, and moving Numbers chuse,
Sweet as the *British* *Colins* mourning Muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Astrosel*;
Then might I raise my Voice, (secure of skill,)
And with melodious Woe the Valleys fill;
The list'ning *Echo* on my Song should wait,
And hollow Rocks *Pastora's* Name repeat;
Each whistling Wind, and murm'ring Stream should
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented tell.

Men. Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Lawrel crown'd
And high as *Pan* himself in Song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy Art avail to show
Verse worthy of her Name, or of her Woe;
But such true Passion in thy Face appears,
In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears;
Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
As shall supply thy Skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress,
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears express;
In sweet complaining Notes thy Passion vent,
And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs, lame

Alex. Wild be my Thoughts, *Menalsas*, wild
Artless as Nature's Notes in untaught Birds;
Bound

oundless my Verse, and roving by my Strains, as
 Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.
 And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,
 By whom inspir'd I sung at *Cornus* Feast:
 While in a Ring the jolly Rural Throng
 Have sat, and smil'd to hear my cheerful Song
 Begon, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays,
 My Pipe no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;
 Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,
 Thy springing Lawrels all to *Olympus* turn;
 Wound with thy dismal Gries the tender Air,
 And beat thy snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow Hair;
 From hence, in utmost Wilds thy dwelling chuse,
 Begon *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn
 And Sable Clouds bet chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

No more these Woods shall with her sight be blest,
 Nor with her Feet these Flow'ry Plains be prest;
 No more the Winds shall with her Tresses play,
 And from her balmy Breath steal sweets away;
 No more these Rivers cheerfully shall pass,
 Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;
 While on their Banks the wond'ring Flocks have stood
 Greedy of Light, and negligent of Food.

No more the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight
 Her Ears, no more with Dances please her sight;
 Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,
 To bless the joyous Day that gave her Birth:
 Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light,
 For ever lost with her in endless Night
 In endless Night, and Arms of Death sholies,
 Death in Eternal Shades has shut *Pastora's* Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains,
 Stray all the Flocks, and Desert be the Plains,

There
 Sigh

Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye Chrystal Floods,
 Fade all ye Flow'rs, and wither all ye Woods,
I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her chalkie Cliffs adorn.

Within a dismal Grott, which Damps surround,
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholsom Ground;
 The Marble weeps, and with a silent pace
 Its trickling Tears distill upon her Face.
 Falsly ye weep, ye Rocks, and falsly mourn!
 For never will you let the Nymph return!
 With a feign'd Grief, the faithless Tomb relents,
 And like the Crocodile its Prey laments.

O she was Heav'nly fair in Face and Mind!
 Never in Nature were such Beauties joyn'd;
 Without all shining, and within all White;
 Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight;
 Like some rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours yield,
 And opening is with sweetest Odours fill'd.
 As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
 So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed;
 To which excelling Height she bore a Mind
 Humble as Osiers bending to the Wind.
 Thus excellent she was——
 Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more:
 Help me ye Hills, and Valleys to deplore!

I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her chalkie Cliffs adorn.

From that blest Earth, on which her Body lies,
 May blooming Flow'rs, with fragrant Sweets arise;
 Let Myrrha weeping Aromatick Gum,
 And ever-living Lawrel shade her Tomb.
 Thither let all the industrious Bees repair,
 Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Honey there;
 Thither let Pharies, with their Train resort,
 Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,

There

(13)
There in unusual wailings waste the Night,
And watch her by the Fiery Glow-worms Light.

There may no dismal Yew, nor Cypress grow,
Nor Holly-bush, nor bitter Elders bow;
Let each unlucky Bird far build his Nest,
And distant Dens receive each howling Beast;
Let Wolves be gone, and Ravens put to flight,
With hooting Owls and Bats that hate the Light.
But let the sighing Doves their Sorrows bring,
And Nightingales in sweet Complaining sing;
Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,
And Sick'ning at her Tomb make haste to dye,
That they may help to sing her Elegy.
Let *Eccho* too, in Mimick Moan deplore,
And cry with me *Pastora*, is no more.

I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn.

And Sable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.

And see the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
And heavy Mists obscure the burd'ned Air;
A suddain Damp o'er all the Plain, is spread,
Each Lilly folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.
On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,
And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moisture bears.
Their Wings the Feather'd Airy People droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.
The Rocks are cleft, and new descending Rills
Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.
The Water-Gods to Floods their Rivulets turn,
And each with streaming Eyes supplies his wanting Urn.
The *Fawns* forsake the Woods, the Nymphs the Grove,
And round the Plain in sad Distractions rove;
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of Golden Hair.
With their sharp Nails themselves the *Satyrs* wound,
And tugg their shaggy Beards, and bite with grief the
Ground. Lo,

(14)
Lo ~~the~~ himself beneath a blasted Oak
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke:
See ~~Pales~~ weeping too, in wild Despair,
And to the piercing Winds her Bosom bare:

And see yond fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love all bath'd in flowing Tears;
See how she wrings her Hands, and beats her Breast;
And tears her useless Girdle from her Waist;
Hear the sad Murmurs of her sighing Doves;
For Grief they sigh forgetful of their Loves.

Lo Love himself with heavy Woe oppress'd
See how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast;
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings;
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings;
Then lays his Limbs upon the dying Grass;
And all with Tears bedews his beauteous Face;
With Tears which from his folded Lids arise;
And even Love himself has weeping Eyes.
All Nature mourns, the Floods and Rills deplore,
And cry with me; *Pastora* is no more.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

The Rocks can melt, and Air in Mists can mourn,
And Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn;
The Birds in Songs their Sorrows can disclose,
And Nymphs and Swains in words can tell their Woe;
But oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither Winds can shew, nor Floods, nor Air

See the Great Shepherd, Chief of all the Swains,
Lord of these Woods, and wide extended Plains,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and close to Earth his Face,
Sealding with Tears th' already fading Grass;
To the cold Clay he joyns his throbbing Breast,
No more within *Pastora*'s Arms to rest.

more! for those once soft and circling Arms
themselves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.
Are those Lips, which he no more must kiss,
cold that Bosom, once all downy Bliss;
whose soft Pillows, lull'd in sweet Delights,
us'd in Balmy Sleep to lose the Nights.

Oh! where is all that Love and Fondness fled?
Where is all that tender sweetness laid?
Dirt must all that Heav'n of Beauty come!
Must *Pastora* moulder in the Tomb!
Death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest Wolves, or Savage Tygers are;
Whom Lambs and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd:
Rav'nous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd.
I mourn *Pastora* dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

But see *Menalcas*, where a sudden Light
With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my sight!
And where *Pastora* lies, it spreads around,
Shewing all Radiant bright the Sacred Ground.
While from her Tomb, behold, a Flame ascends
Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heaven extends:
On flacky Wings it mounts, and quick as light
Cuts thro' the yielding Air with Rays of Light;
Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
And fixing there a glorious Star remains:
Fairest it seems of all that light the Skies,
*None on Earth were seen *Pastora's* Eyes.*

The

The Despairing LOVER.

Distracted with Care,
 For *Phyllis* the Fair
 Since nothing cou'd move her,
 Poor *Damon* her Lover
 Resolves in Despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much Anguish;
 But mad with his Love,
 To a Precipice goes,
 Where a Leap from above,
 Would soon finish his Woes.
 When in Rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;
 His Torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a Lover forsaken
 A new Love may get;
 But a Neck when once broken,
 Can never be set:
 And that he cou'd die
 When ever he wou'd;
 But that he cou'd live
 But as long as he cou'd:
 How grievous soever
 The Torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But Bold, Unconcern'd
 At Thoughts of the Pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his Cottage again.

